

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

BOSTON

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
EDITORIAL:—		Real Life Incidents. <i>Nellie M.</i>	
Thoughts for the Thoughtful . . .	217	<i>Phillips</i>	234
Training of Native Workers . . .	218	HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS .	237
Notes	250	HOME DEPARTMENT:—	
IN GENERAL:—		Self-Judgment.	238
Little Things (poetry). <i>Sel.</i> . . .	219	Vicious Literature. <i>Sel.</i>	239
A Glance at Canton, <i>Hattie P.</i>		Notes.	241
<i>Phillips</i>	220	WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS. .	243
What Can I Do? (poetry) <i>E. E. F.</i>	227	In Memoriam	245
Woman's Commission. <i>The Rev.</i>		CHILDREN'S NICHE:—	
<i>E. G. Wesley</i>	228	The Sand Fort (poetry). <i>Sel.</i> . .	247
Our Literature Fund	230	Letter from India. <i>S. M. Ager</i> . .	247
FROM THE FIELD:—		From a Minnesota Band	250
Some Hindu Superstitions. <i>The</i>		The Golden Rule (poetry). <i>Sel.</i> .	250
<i>Rev. A. B. Boyer, B. A.</i>	231	CONTRIBUTIONS	251

The ** Missionary ** Helper.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

VOL. XIII.

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No. 7.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

YE are the salt of the earth.—*Sermon on the Mount.*

When death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—*George Eliot.*

There are words which sever hearts more than sharp swords ; there are words, the point of which sting the heart through the course of a whole life.—*Miss Bremer.*

The Church of Great Britain loses, on an average, one member excommunicated or slaughtered by intemperance, and as there are thirty thousand churches, thirty thousand of God's people are annually the victims of the cup.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live. But I am young ; younger now than I ever was before.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

In Japan, the changes within twenty years have been radical and revolutionary. The very structure of society is altered.

Christian churches, schools, and institutions are becoming dominant forces in the land of the rising sun. Roman letters are displacing the Japanese characters. Even the primitive Pentecost wrought no changes equal to those of this newly opened Island Empire. The light of Asia is fading before the Light of the World. In the graphic terms of a native convert, "only the natural scenery remains the same." And this is only one example of these marvelous transformations.—*Arthur T. Pier-son.*

TRAINING OF NATIVE WORKERS.

THE especial power which any people have over those of their own nationality is recognized by the merchants. They find it to their advantage to employ German salesmen for German customers, and so on with other nationalities.

Missionary workers recognize the same principle to be true in influencing people to become Christians; consequently the efforts to fit native Christians to become leading workers are watched with deep interest. Nowhere has more effective work been done in this line than in the Japanese Doshisha. At the earnest plea of a Japanese convert, Mr. Nasima, the American Board, in 1875, established in Kyto the school known as the Doshisha. It began with only three scholars, but great was the excitement which followed. The priests petitioned the Government to close the school. This was not granted, but the missionaries were advised to use much caution and not to teach the Bible in the school. For several years the religious services were held in the rooms of the missionaries.

Gradually obstacles have been removed until the institution has grown to such magnitude that it is now said to have nine hundred pupils. Better still, a majority of the students become Christians. One hundred were baptized at one time.

The proper education of the youth lies at the foundation of success in all lines of effort. Recognizing the great hindrance

to their work which has arisen from the influence of Hindu teachers upon the boys' minds in their rudimentary studies, our missionaries in India earnestly desire that an English high school shall be founded there, which shall keep the minds of the youth free from the misleading ideas that they imbibe from their Hindu teachers.

Nothing that needs to be done to advance the growth of Christ's kingdom ought to be left undone. May we as a denomination be wise in laying broad plans and efficient in executing them.

LITTLE THINGS.

WE call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock,
We say of him, his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and sabre stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings;
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of kings,
Were he but great in little things?

—*From Treasure Trove.*

There are 80,000 Jews in Vienna, Austria, and they are said to be easily reached with the Gospel.

A GLANCE AT CANTON.

BY HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

OUR stay in the Celestial Empire was to be limited to ten days, hence we planned nothing farther inland than a visit to Canton.

Two steamers daily run from Hong-Kong to Canton, and the traveler accustomed to the comforts of sound and river steamers in this country would find no ground of complaint in the elegant appointments of these floating hotels, plying on heathen waters, and carrying hundreds of the much-despised Chinese. Arrived at her moorings, the steamer was instantly surrounded by scores of the small crafts that live upon the river, affording the only homes possessed by 50,000 of Canton's inhabitants. Many of these are handled entirely by women or girls, and are not only occupied as the family domicile, but used to convey passengers up and down the canal—one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city—they furnish the means of livelihood to the family. In these tiny boats thousands of Chinese are born, spend their lives, and die. Mothers tether their creeping babies and little toddling children to the boat to prevent their falling out. Many of these boats are kept scrupulously clean and tidy, and the national love for ornamentation is shown in the bright pictures and other decorations fastened to the curving walls and roof that are not high enough to allow an adult to stand erect.

Only two words of English are required. "Want sampan?" and your shake or nod of the head in reply is as good Chinese as it is English. We, however, were fortunate enough to have friends to meet us.

Standing on the deck, waiting for the crowd to disperse, I was quite interested in the spectacle on the river bank. One knowing nothing of the facts would have fancied the arrival of a steamer, instead of being a common, every-day occurrence, had now transpired for the first time. I had heard for years

of the masses of population in China, and found here a sample. Several more persons undoubtedly could have found standing-room in the near neighborhood, but it certainly looked as if every available spot were occupied by a blue, expectant Chinaman.

Dr. Swan of the Presbyterian Mission had come to meet us. Our hand luggage was made over to a boat-woman, and we started to walk to the Mission house—or houses, for there are several built closely together and facing the river. Dr. Swan had the rapid stride of an American, and we hurried along with him through what appeared to be an endless succession of alleys, six to twelve feet wide, densely packed with shops of every description. I was constantly expecting that we should come out upon a street that would give us a glimpse of the sky and a breath of fresh air; but to my amazement I was told that *these* were the streets, and about the only kind of street except those in the Foreign Concession, or that part of the city assigned to foreigners for their residence. At last we reached the home of the missionaries, two large double houses fronting the river, and separated from it by a few rods of garden and a high board wall, beyond which lay moored many of the tiny, aquatic homes before mentioned. Here my companions became the guests of Dr. Swan, while I was kindly received by Miss Noyes (mentioned in my last letter) and her lady associates, who are in charge of a large boarding and day school for girls.

On one of the three days which we spent in Canton, Dr. Swan very kindly gave us his services as guide to see the city. Owing to the narrowness of the streets, the only conveyance that can be used is a sort of sedan chair swung from a pole and carried on the shoulders of men, who warn off obstructionists by a peculiar grunt, as they go with a rapid thud, thud, thud, of their tough, muscular feet along the stony pavement. Moving along these close, stifling streets, so narrow that the eaves of opposite buildings almost meet, the air fairly rank

with the sickening odors of fresh meat, fresh fish, and eatables of all descriptions, and remembering that under these conditions myriads of human beings live, move, have their being, and reach old age, one is led to question whether, in truth, pure air is indispensable to human life.

Paul's observation to the Athenians—"I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious"—is recalled as one glances into the shops of Canton. Among all the thousands kept by the "heathen Chinese," it is doubtful if there are any which do not contain a shrine more or less richly decorated and so placed as to be seen by the passer-by.

One of the sights of the day was the "Temple of Horrors," a sort of large pavilion with central court open to the sky. Around the sides were apartments in which were arranged life-sized figures representing the lost who were suffering at the hands of evil spirits the torments of the damned. Here was illustrated every mode of torture known to the Chinese mind, making emphatically a Chinese hell.

Another object of interest was the "City of the Dead," not a cemetery, but a large building containing many small apartments which are rented to people for the purpose of depositing their dead until such time as they shall be ready to inter them. Rents vary, but run as high as \$30 a month. These little apartments were neatly furnished, a light was kept burning, and in the center was placed the coffined body. A Chinese coffin is straight; made of four polished slabs which give it the appearance of a large polished log. The worship of one's ancestors being a cardinal virtue with the Chinese, they go frequently to this city of the dead and perform the prescribed rites.

The great Examination Hall interested us much. The Chinese government, notwithstanding it is an imperial one, is very democratic in its appointments to the civil service, competitive examinations being the basis of all such appointments.

An inclosure of many acres contains a large number of low brick structures, perhaps eight feet high and four feet deep,

entirely open on one side. Each of these is divided into numerous tiny compartments about three or four feet square. A jog in the walls gives support to a board which serves as dining-table and writing-desk. To this place, once in three years come 10,000 men who have elsewhere passed a preliminary examination. Out of these 10,000, only the 75 who stand highest are allowed to try for the next higher examination held at Peking. The successful competitors in this threefold examination take a high place in the learned class from which all appointments are made. The examination is wholly in the classical literature of the country. Coming to this place in the afternoon, every man is searched to make sure that he carries on his person no helps of any kind. One man is placed in each little compartment or cell where he spends the night, next day and night. His questions are given him in writing, his food is brought him, and with a sentinel constantly pacing up and down the alley upon which the cells open, to see that there is no communication between the men, he eats, drinks, sleeps, and writes out his papers. After a day or two comes a respite and then another trial. That the strain upon the men is a terrible one is attested by the fact that rarely an examination passes that deaths do not occur among the contestants, sometimes as many as twenty, as a result of the close confinement and severe mental strain. How amazingly such a system would thin out the hordes of hungry office seekers who howl around our representatives at Washington!

In the suburbs of the city our bearers suddenly came to a stand in a spot which any one uninformed would pass by without a glance. It was a small vacant lot with a dead wall at one side, the open space being more or less occupied by coarse earthenware exposed for sale; yet this tiny spot has unquestionably drunk more human blood than any other of equal size in the world. It is the place of execution, the usual Chinese method being decapitation. This being the only place in the province where such work is done, the executions here are

accordingly numerous. The Chinese have no trial by jury, no witnesses ; the whole transaction is between the judge and the accused. A man is accused of a crime, arrested, brought in a basket and deposited before the judge. When his name is called he comes forward, and on his knees presents his plea for mercy. If he claims innocence and the crime charged is one punishable by death, he is put to the torture to extort confession. If he persists in denial, the torture is repeated and increased until the poor wretch can endure no more and confesses, whereupon decapitation puts an end to his physical sufferings.

It is a law of the land that the death penalty shall not be inflicted until the culprit has confessed his guilt, but when the evidence against him is strong, few men can hold out against the terrible torture inflicted to extort confession, though some do. Twenty and thirty executions at a time are an ordinary occurrence. The great carnival of blood, however, was during the Taiping rebellion in 1855. It was crushed out by wholesale slaughter. Every one found to have arms in his possession was seized as a rebel, and for rebels there was but one fate—death. For days, weeks, and even months, the work of death went on. The number of executions during fourteen months was estimated at 81,000, an average of about 200 per day.

But from all these horrors let us turn to something brighter and better. In the course of our round we stopped at a little chapel shut in behind a little bookstore, where Christian books were kept for sale. In Canton with its 1,500,000 inhabitants there are fifteen Christian chapels where missionaries and the native ministers preach the Gospel two to four hours every day in the year to audiences varying from fifty to several hundred. Tens of thousands of visitors to the city have heard the Gospel in these chapels and halls and have carried it hundreds of miles into the interior. The missionary encounters these in the most

remote places on his inland tours, and sometimes listens with surprise while they repeat the substance of the discourse which they have heard. In another place we found a little audience-room behind which was a dispensary. In the front room were gathered a number of women, listening eagerly to religious instruction given by a young lady, daughter of a missionary, born in the country, and recently returned from America to take up the work to which her parents had given their lives. One by one the women were called out into the dispensary, where Miss Dr. Fulton ministered to their bodies. In the evening a chance remark revealed the fact that Dr. Fulton was a graduate of my own Alma Mater, and a classmate of my sister, now in medical mission work in India. People surrounded all their lives by friends and acquaintances can have little idea of the delight afforded by such a discovery, under such circumstances. In the morning we were shown over the fine commodious buildings of the girls' boarding-school, which reflected much credit on the management. Some of the pupils had bound-feet, and the missionaries do not deem it expedient to insist upon the removal of the bandages, fearing, doubtless, the removal of the pupil as a consequence. I had in some way received the impression that it was only among the wealthier classes who can afford to live without work that bound-feet are found, hence I was quite surprised to learn that no family is so poor but their ambition is, if they have any daughters, to have at least one bound-footed, to maintain the respectability of the family. I saw numbers of bound-footed women on the street, and, strange as it may seem, only one of them was dependent upon others for support as she walked. A lady doctor in the Mission hospital gave me a pair of tiny shoes worn by one of her patients, a full grown woman, and I find the outside measure of the sole to be three and one-half inches in length. I was told that the poor little bound-footed girls in the school often cry bitterly with the pain in their feet. The awkward wooden-soled shoes previously described, while they do not

cramp the feet, give a very awkward gait, an intentional arrangement, I was told, to imitate the cramped, painful movements of the bound-footed ! Foolish and cruel as this custom is, it surely is less blameworthy than the cramping of the vital organs as practiced by civilized, Christianized Americans.

In the chapel exercises one of the most prominent and interesting features was the concert recitation of a psalm by the school. So wonderfully clever are the Chinese in memorizing that when without an instant's warning the teacher called by number for a certain psalm, the whole school started in as one voice and as one voice carried it through to the end, with the peculiar chanting intonation that made it marvelously musical, although it was only the rhythm which they put into all their reading.

The great hospital connected with this mission is under the efficient charge of Dr. Kerr, who has held the post for thirty years. Five lines of good substantial buildings afford accommodation to large numbers of patients, 20,000 of whom annually receive the benefits of the institution. This great hospital is one of the sights of Canton, is visited by intelligent Chinamen from all parts of the empire, and is so thoroughly appreciated that Chinese and Parsees cordially unite with Americans and Europeans in contributing to its support.

In addition to regular hospital work Dr. Kerr has instructed some scores of Chinese in the healing art. Religious services are held daily in the chapel, and an effort is made to impress Christian truth upon the minds of all who come for the healing of the body. The good effects of this hospital work are seen in many ways, not the least of which is in the lessening of the Chinese hatred of foreigners, as well as giving constant proof of the unselfish character of our religion.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. For the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it ; for the false, after you enjoy it.—*John Foster.*

WHAT CAN I DO?

BY E. E. F.

IF you cannot from the platform
Make an energetic speech,
Or from sacred desk or pulpit,
Gospel sermons ever preach ;
You can visit homes where evil
Holds an undisputed sway,
And for Christ's sake you can urge men
From their sins to turn away.

If you have no love of singing,
And for music have no ear,
You can enter homes where sorrow,
Pain, and grief are ever near ;
And in tones of tender pity
You can breaking hearts console,
Pointing to the only Saviour
Who can make those spirits whole.

If from meetings of committee
You would rather stay away,
You can ask the Lord to bless them
At the meeting, when you pray ;
And when work has been arranged for,
You some humble part can take
Which will prove a thorough pleasure
If 'tis done for Jesus' sake.

If you cannot, then, do great things,
There are small ones you can do,
And a sphere of Christian labor
Be assured there is for you.
Get to work, then, do your duty,
And your sweet reward shall be,
In the voice of Jesus saying,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

Carson City, Mich.

WOMAN'S COMMISSION.

[Extracts from an address by Rev. E. G. Wesley before the Quarterly Meeting of the R. I. Free Baptist W. M. S., April 30, 1890.]

I BELIEVE, that the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, side by side with all Woman's Missionary societies, had its birthplace in the will of God ; that to it God has given a special work ; that before it God has opened a special field ; that upon it God has placed the crown of his own approval.

About \$50,000 gathered by this society in less than seventeen years, with which it has supported seven or eight missionaries and some fifty to fifty-five native teachers, taught thousands, brought many to Christ, is a sufficient proof of Divine approval and blessing.

No other missionary society except one of women could do the work which it has done, because none but women can understand the needs of that peculiar work and field ; none so wisely and tenderly devise ways and means for its advance and support.

Whether He who for his own purpose called Woman's Missionary societies into existence in all denominations, will ever recall the commission, I cannot decide. But I honestly confess since his unchanging plan thus far has ever been to water and to cultivate, to preserve and to bless, all fruitful trees, not to root them up, nor even to change them into one of another kind, I can see no reason to believe he will ever recall the commission until it is forfeited by fruitlessness.

Man may perhaps demand the surrender of a God-given authority and right, but for my part I most sincerely trust women will hold their commission and exercise the power conferred until most clearly shown that God has no more special work for her to do in a special field and with special laborers ; then, and not till then, should women ever think of surrendering their charter.

Woman's influence for missions can be exerted as mother, wife, sister, or teacher, upon the boys and girls, as well as upon

the men and women whom she meets. Her influence is felt in home, Sunday-school, and society.

Without doubt, hundreds, perhaps thousands, are to-day under woman's influence who, through the proper mission-tending use of that influence, would be encouraged onward to mission work towards which as yet an almost unheeded voice may be whispering them.

Woman has influence in prayer on mission lines. The prayer of many a woman's heart may be, I believe is, to-day able to recruit the field. It is easy to pray for God to call the brother, son, daughter, and loved one of some one else to the mission field. As consecrated women, learn to pray that your own loved ones, your most dearly loved, may hear to obey. Woman has influence in circulating missionary literature in home and Sunday-school, as well as informing with regard to the work, the sacrifices, the sufferings, and the triumphs of missionaries.

How very little mission literature finds its way into our Sunday-school. Nothing better than the *Little Missionary* can be found, and its price is within the reach of all.

Woman has an anxious hunger for missions. God only knows how far-reaching and all-powerful are the yearnings of motherhood. Heredity is a fact. A mother's hunger and prayer has power to mold heredity, so that our children can be called of God from birth, to obey and serve him. A mother's earnest love for mission work seldom fails to impress itself upon her offspring.

We should esteem it one of the highest honors God gives when he calls our child to his mission field. Sad indeed it is that some Christian mothers hold back their own.

Woman has influence in development of deeper spiritual power, and in her own heart first, then in home, church, and in society. Lack of this power causes lack of mission zeal. Should God call from the home of a worldly, selfish mother, one to his mission field, we have no right to expect from such

the zeal, the love, the sacrifices, which we would have right to expect had woman's influence led early years to deeper spirituality. A child trained from the cradle to put Christ first will make a missionary hero.

Women have influence in training children to be generous. Find, if possible, some way through which your children can have some little income of their own. Teach them of their own to give a portion to the Lord. It does not promote generosity to give them what they are to contribute. This plan makes them parasites; teaches them to rely on others. Make the children generous and they will continue so as men.

Realize, as only women can, the pressing, immediate importance of the work. Talk is cheap; one of the cheapest things. Don't mistake talk for real work. Choose your leaders from your women who work. Study the field, learn its needs, think about it, pray over it, speak to others, work for it, suffer for it, live for it. Finally advance the lines, have faith in God. Expect great things. Move over all obstacles steadily forward. Feel, sacrifice, live for missions, and God will even more abundantly bless your work "in His name."

OUR LITERATURE FUND.

DURING the past six months our fund has been increased by two donations.

Feb. 1, 1890, Mrs. L. D. Briggs, Providence, R. I.	\$1.00
May 19, 1890, A Friend, Providence, R. I.	1.00

Our fund is supported by donations and by what is obtained from the sale of our literature. The object of the fund is to furnish the literature. Blanks and constitutions are free. Manuals, ten cents per copy; missionary readings, dialogues, and hymns, two, three, four, and five cents per sheet. In ordering blanks and constitutions, it is well to inclose stamps for postage.

IDA E. G. MEADER, *Treas. of Literature Fund.*

14 White St., Pawtucket, R. I., June 10, 1890.

FROM THE FIELD.

SOME HINDU SUPERSTITIONS.

BY THE REV. A. B. BOYER, B. A.

[Concluded.]

FIGHTING cats are the causes of quarreling families. To write with coal or the finger nail is a bad omen; so also is the sight of a blind or lame man, a man with projecting teeth, or an old Brahman with a cane. A bad omen is created by touching another's foot, but it may be averted by crying, "Vishnu! Vishnu!" All have observed how careful Hindus are in passing each other not to touch each other's feet. It is a bad omen to touch a broom while the sweeper is using it. This omen is averted by placing a small splint of the broom in the mouth and spitting it out violently. A man must neither borrow nor lend on Thursday—many will not sell. A man must not give a salutation nor touch another just after he has oiled himself for a bath. Sight of a black stone is a bad omen in the early morning. For this reason if the stone for crushing spices (every native house has such a stone) happens to be black it must be covered up at night and not uncovered again until late in the morning. A man must be careful never to arrive home from abroad on the sixth, ninth, or thirteenth of any month. If an only male child should hear a bamboo whistle in the evening, he must go to bed without his supper to avert the bad omen. This is what I would call paying dear for some other person's whistle. If a woman's great toe projects, she will be a widow, and for this reason young ladies with projecting great toes are not likely to be chosen in marriage.

Flying of vultures in a circle is the sign of death. Death follows the wailing of a dog or jackal in the daytime, or the cawing of a crow at midnight. Death is the result of a dog's leaping on the thatch of a house or digging a hole within it. A vul-

ture causes death to one or more of the inmates of a house by alighting on it. To dream of horses, buffaloes, or a burning house, is the sign of speedy death. To plant a cocoanut-tree, a fan palm, betel, bamboo, ginger, sugar cane, jackfruit, is sure to cause death unless the ancestors of the one who plants them had planted them also. If the dish in which medicine is being mixed is broken during the process of mixing, the patient for whom it was intended must die. A man who mistakes the smell of the smoke from a lamp for burning cloth is sure to die within six months. A man dies if he is scared at his own shadow, or builds a house with a crooked corner, or suddenly falls asleep and reclines on the person sitting near him. A child must not be complimented on how well he looks, it is an omen of death. A firefly, if it flies in the lamp, causes not only its own death, but of the inmates of the house as well. I have seen even native Christians drive out a firefly which had come in the house in the evening, for fear that it might get in the lamp.

The changes of the moon and the eclipses have very interesting explanations. The sun and moon are both said to be serpents who are always in a quarrel with each other on account of some feud of their ancestors. When the moon waxes she is said to be gaining in the warfare, and when she wanes, she is said to be losing. During an eclipse of the moon they say the sun swallows her, and during an eclipse of the sun she has vengeance by swallowing him in return.

A mother who dies in child-bed is changed into a devil. A mother who dies and leaves a nursing child is also changed into a devil, but of another kind. She comes around at night to hold the child in her lap and keep it warm. As this is a cause of great fear to the living relatives, they throw a stick out at her grave, and she is supposed to accept it instead of her child and be satisfied.

A devil can do nothing to a person who is not afraid. A devil will always rob a man of a fish if he carries it in the night,

unless, indeed, the fish is salted. Devils do not relish salted fish.

I might speak of the various kinds of devils, their ways of taking possession, and the methods used to cast them out. It would take all night to read a paper containing full accounts of all the absurd superstitions of the natives of this country.

An explanation of the cause of these superstitions would be very difficult to give. Some, I take it, are pure Brahminical frauds made for purposes of extortion. Some are doubtless the result of the laws of association. What is more natural than to associate vultures with death? The people daily see these horrid birds picking to pieces the body of some man or beast. The howling of a dog, too, is it not somewhat like the wail of a Hindu mourner? Nothing is more natural than that one should call up the other.

Among other causes may be mentioned fear, ignorance, respect for the unknown, love of the marvelous, and that peculiar tendency which the human mind everywhere has to notice positives and disregard negatives. Suppose a dozen men are cursed by a Brahman. If one of these men should happen to die soon after, his death is attributed to the curse; it is forgotten that the other eleven have lived in spite of it.

But these superstitions, part and parcel as they seem to be of the native mind, are being eradicated by the power of the Gospel. It is one of the sacred responsibilities devolving upon the Christian Church in this country to replace this blind faith in absurd superstitions with the sublime truths of the Bible. May grace be given to those who have the work in charge to do it faithfully and well!

“One of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this: Underneath are the everlasting arms. What a vivid idea it gives of the Divine support! God knows our feebleness. He remembers that we are dust.”

REAL LIFE INCIDENTS.

THE Gospel has been preached many years in and about Santipore. There are scores of Hindus who acknowledge its truth, and openly ridicule their own religious system. They are a feeble folk, however, wonderfully wanting in courage, and know no safety except as they hold to their nests in the rocks of Hindu social customs, which have been so slow to crumble before Christian teaching. Perhaps it was because Judhisti was an only son—much indulged by a too fond mother—that he had courage to follow his convictions in spite of opposition. However that may be, one can afford to be self-willed if one's will only leads in the right direction.

He is a young man a little short of twenty, living four miles from Santipore, and making a living by ferrying people across the river. He has heard market and village preaching occasionally from his childhood, and some time last year made the important decision to break caste and become a Christian. He met much opposition from his mother and neighbors. Just across the river from him is Bhagabat, a Christian, living alone in a Hindu village. Bhagabat has suffered much persecution from Hindu neighbors who have been determined to drive him out, while he has been equally determined to hold his own ground among them.

Neither the threats of friends nor the adverse experiences Bhagabat had suffered were sufficient to dissuade him from his purpose, and finally to put the question beyond discussion, Judhisti came to Bhagabat's home, and sitting on the veranda in presence of Hindu neighbors who had come to witness the final act, ate with a Christian, rice cooked by Christian hands. His caste thus openly broken, his mother immediately turned him out of her house and locked the door against him. For several weeks he depended on the hospitality of native Christians. During this time, chancing to be at Santipore, and hoping I might be of some little service, I went with two of our

Christian women to his home. The house was locked in anticipation of our approach, but we were allowed a seat on the ground in the dooryard, and the neighbors at once gathered to see what should be said or done. The poor mother flung herself down at my feet, and beating her head on the ground, wailed as for the dead. When tired of this she charged us with having enticed away her only son, and challenged us to know what other evil we were about to bring upon her. "Your son," I said to her, "has not left you; there he stands before you this moment,—the child you have held in your arms and nursed,—and anxious to return to his mother. It is *she* who has locked her door against him, for no worse fault than that he wants to worship God as every one should worship him. What are we about to do with you? Nothing but to ask you to come with him, to ask you, in God's name, to leave the idols you have served to no purpose for so many years, and seek One who will be better to you in your old age than they have ever been. We wish that you and all your neighbors would come, but we can't bring you; we could not bring him. He came only in obedience to the voice within which called him, and is now calling you to serve a living God who loves you and sent his Son to redeem you. She listened very attentively for a time. Then the wailing began again, mingled with cries of "No! no! burn my house, drown me, cut my throat. Do *any* thing, but I shall *never* be a Christian, and I shall never live in the same house with him. He can have the house and all there is in it. I'll live under a tree or die in the jungles. He has killed me—what does it matter where my old body is flung out now?"

She might have been saying exactly what she thought; she probably would have said it just the same, however, had she thought the very opposite, for on such occasions Hindus usually choose their language to suit their surroundings, and in presence of all her neighbors she was bound to seem to oppose us. After trying as best we could to point both her and her neigh-

bors to their Saviour, we returned home, her son accompanying us, as she had persisted in her refusal to open the door.

Advised by them, she removed all valuables from her own to the houses of her neighbors, lest her son should forcibly enter and take possession of them. Her mother's heart was softening however, and finally in a private talk with Bhagabat, she said: "*I* can't let him in *myself*. The river is dry now. Every one fords it, and there is no chance till the rains begin for making a living by the boat. If *I* let him in, the neighbors will all turn upon me, they'll give me no work, and we'll both be starving. But if *he* should come, break the lock, and get into the house *himself*, how could I help it? This hint showing where his mother stood, was all that was necessary. Judhisti broke the lock, entered, and occupied his own house again, the neighbors keeping up a real, and his mother an apparent, opposition. A serious illness followed almost immediately, and made her realize still more how little she wanted to lose her boy. 'Twas a hard test for her, however; here was this Christian lying ill in her house, she must cook his food and feed him. With her own hand she must touch the glass polluted by Christian lips. (She was still a Hindu, and while her son was well, they had cooked and eaten separately.)

Day after day they spent together in that dark room, she watching him from a distant corner, the neighbors occasionally peering in to see how things progressed, but offering no assistance. Watching her chances between their calls, she stealthily gave him his food. 'Twas a wearisome task there alone, the Christians so far away that they could come but occasionally.

When finally he was convalescent, Bhagabat, taking him on his shoulders, forded the river and carried him to his house for a change of air. Since then he has quite recovered; has married a Christian girl from Santipore. Only a few days ago Mr. Griffin baptized him and his wife in the river near his home. They are living at peace with his mother, who considers it a

wonderfully good fortune to have a grown up daughter-in-law, and be saved the trouble of bringing up a child wife, such as her son would have brought home had he married among Hindus. Her mind seems much softened toward Christianity, and we are hoping that at no distant time she will follow her son.

NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

Balasore, April, 1890.

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

THROUGH circumstances beyond control, the article on papal Europe to form the subject of August study does not appear. Look for it in the August HELPER. In the meantime, the president of each auxiliary can ask different members to find out something about the condition of things in the various countries of Europe that are under papal control; and good may come from personal search and study.

“A CASE illustrating the hardship inflicted by Hindu marriage customs, and the growing feeling of revolt by native women, has created considerable interest in Bombay. A young Hindu widow applied to the magistrate for protection. She stated she was left a widow at nine years of age. She had been cruelly treated by her relations, and had determined to re-marry, but all her caste people threatened her with persecution. The magistrate referred her, with an introductory letter, to Madhowdas Rugnathdas, the famous Hindu social reformer, who not only provided her with shelter, but arranged for her re-marriage in his own house. This is the twenty-eighth widow whom he has enabled to re-marry, sixteen of these marriages having taken place under his roof. A large number of Hindus were present.”

HOME DEPARTMENT.

SELF-JUDGMENT.

THE student of human nature, sooner or later, discovers the fact that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to know one's self. Most of us are so thoroughly self-entrenched that we are ignorant of our own selfishness. As a result, not infrequently do people find the most fault with weaknesses in others which are most like their own. Having accustomed themselves to using their energies in judging others, they have become incapable of seeing and judging themselves; and so, in every passer-by they see their own image reflected, and do not recognize it. "Judge not, that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."

We oftentimes wonder how it is that good people are so indifferent to some of the plain teachings of Christ. But a near view betrays the fact that they do not know they are disobeying; worse still, they are inclosed in an armor which is proof against any view of themselves which will compel them to do the thing which has become a habit not to do. For this reason we have hardened professors as well as "hardened sinners." A good illustration of this is found in the indifference of Christians to the mission cause. They listen as one tries to tell them that it is as much the Christian's duty to "preach the Gospel to every creature" as it is the sinner's to repent; indeed, when repentance is deep enough, it will include our neighbor, but it never seems to occur to them that such words apply to themselves. Quite likely they may do as did the man in the story once told by a minister. He preached a sermon with one particular man in his thought, and the man hoped a certain other person would be benefited, little thinking the minister was preaching to him.

Whether what we are saying means "me or my neighbor," the fact remains, few of us are receptive enough to what is *true for its own sake*, to be able to judge intelligently of ourselves. Whenever we see persons who can probe their own motives and face their own weaknesses, we reverence such.

Miss Frances Willard beautifully illustrates such a character. Her frank confession in her last annual address before the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is worthy of study, and gives us an insight into the genuineness of the woman's character. Note in the following words how unflinchingly she has faced and judged herself. Speaking of her love of praise, she says: "I did not know how well I loved it until this holier light fell on my path, the subtle spell of selfhood was so strongly on my soul that I knew not how to be passive in anything whatever, and the higher life for which I long is as yet dimly discerned by me who have tried so long and so sincerely to show that Alpine path to others." If Miss Willard can be unconscious of "the spell of selfhood," how patient we ought to be with each other if we seem slow in seeing our individual weaknesses.

The only hope we have of growing into the Christ-likeness is in turning our *whole being* toward the light, no matter how dark the picture on which it falls. We can get the life "hid with Christ in God" only as we consent to see ourselves, and to that self-surrender which loses our selfhood in Christ.

VICIOUS LITERATURE.

BOYS and girls are often rendered mentally dyspeptic by reading the high-wrought fiction and demoralizing trash that is constantly being issued by the secular press. The sensational reports of crime, the minute descriptions of social impurities, the detailed accounts of the many wicked deeds of bad men and women—all have a baneful influence upon the youthful mind. Those who habitually read these loathsome

details must necessarily have their moral sensibilities impaired. In this way many young men are led astray and ruined. They grow familiar with crime, learn to relish foul stories, feel a desire for adventures of this character, and finally commit crimes which at first would not have been thought of for a moment.

Our young people must and will read something. If good books and papers do not reach them, bad ones will. If the truth is not diffused, error will be disseminated. If good impressions and habits are not formed, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy. The evil influence of one bad book or paper may do a vast amount of harm. Yet there are many thousands of such books and papers every year printed and read. The satanic press of to-day, in creating a cheap and vicious literature, is poisoning the very fountains of public and private virtue. When the youthful mind becomes thoroughly saturated with foul stories, criminal deeds, or blasphemous tirades, the godly admonitions of pious mothers are soon forgotten, and the dictates of conscience disregarded.

Let parents, guardians, and teachers exercise the most scrupulous care in guarding the minds of the young against evil reading. Many are woefully negligent just at this point, and do not know the hurtful character of the mental aliment upon which the minds of their boys and girls are being nourished. Every home should be quarantined against this stream of vice and corruption. Exclude it from the house as you would the germs of a deadly pestilence. Admit only such publications as are calculated to make good impressions upon the reader. Let there be a careful censorship of books and papers, ere the minds of our beloved youth are filled with evil thoughts and purposes, and the things which make for their peace are hid from their eyes.—*Union Signal*.

“An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.”

NOTES.

WHOEVER looks critically upon any of the modern movements in social or religious reform does well to heed these words of Rev. John Bascom, D. D.: "Initial movements in the Kingdom of Heaven are never generally recognized. They cannot be from the nature of the case. They are too remote in their agencies from familiar means; too subversive in their tendencies of ordinary measures. One who, with the eye of a loving critic, overlooks the progress of society, will often attach most importance to efforts of whose utility the mass of men are still doubtful. The ingenious inventor gives little heed to the parts of the complicated machine which play smoothly. Pushing it forward to a better performance, he inquires which are the wheels that still bind, where is power expended to least advantage."

* * *

Here is what some women are saying about the present temperance reform, which has so much to do with the evangelization of the world: "But as things now are, here we stand! The cause of temperance rests upon our interlocked hands as never before. We must cling together, moving forward without regard to politics, as we have in the past, doing right as God reveals it to us. We need not be afraid. There are those who believe that the present agitation will subside, that God will turn off the light he has been flashing upon all sides of the question, that everything will settle down quietly and comfortably again. But be not deceived. Every great moral reform has an immortal soul. You can no more kill it than you can destroy the souls of those who in the kingdom of our God cry: 'How long, O Lord, how long?' And by and by, when prayer and pleading and remonstrance have filled their measure, when consecrated service says, 'I can do no more!' the 'Hour of Decision' will strike, and God's own right arm will give us a victory! Not for a kingdom would I be among the

uninterested ones then. None of us will be too busy in that hour to sing the doxology; but if we would sing it with the 'spirit and the understanding,' we must seize an hour now and then, in spite of pressing cares and wavering faith, to 'practice' with those who are 'members of the choir.'"

* *

The *Union Signal* says: "Missionaries at home and abroad are growing in the conviction that the world cannot be taken in the name of Calvin, or Wesley, or Williams. The great paper presented at the American Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance was upon 'Denominational Comity.' The essayist took the ground that workers should sink their personal differences upon minor sectarian points, and together hold up the broad Gospel truths in which salvation lies, regardless of the minor doctrinal discussions, which are as dust in the eyes of the unevangelized. Possibly this principle would operate well wherever the Gospel is preached throughout the whole world. The dust of disputation is as blinding to the gold-spectacled disciple of 'modern culture' as to the blear-eyed inhabitant of the slums, or the painted savage. We want to get out of the lumbering coat of mail of men's interpretations, and into the light-weight armor of Christ, then with the sword of the Spirit, which is the plain World of God, we may conquer the world for our King."

* *

At a certain meeting of Chicago ministers, the question, "Shall women be ordained and installed as pastors in our churches?" was discussed. Rev. Clayton Wells presented the affirmative, saying that the question might be asked, "Why, since women have been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of a State, to the medical profession, — they should be debarred only from the ministry. It would appear from the report of the animated discussion which followed, that the majority of the ministers were opposed. It was feared lest 'the admittance of women to the pulpit was but another step in the

direction of relegating religion wholly to women.' The matter was finally settled—for the present—by recommending a study of Dr. Bushnell's book on 'A Reform against Nature.'"

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Young People's Missionary Society and Sunday-school connected with the Free Baptist church, Pittsfield, N. H., gave a very interesting and profitable missionary concert, Sunday evening, March 30. The president, Mrs. Alma Blake, assisted by Mrs. E. C. Willard, prepared the program; Dr. E. L. Carr, Superintendent, conducted the exercises, which consisted of singing by the choir, missionary Scripture reading, prayer, singing, recitations, dialogues, and exercises by the members. A collection of seven dollars was taken, and the exercises closed with singing by the choir and school, and remarks by the superintendent.

MRS. D. W. FOSS, *Secretary*.

The Franklin Falls Auxiliary held a public meeting the first Sunday evening in May. The weather being rainy, but few were present.

Our pastor's wife, Mrs. Sadie Griffin, is our president, and is doing what she can to lead in work; but when we see how few seem to have any desire to enlighten the heathen, we are led to ask, Why it is that Christians are so backward about telling others of their Christ?

MARY E. RICHARDSON, *Secretary*.

WISCONSIN.

Report of the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Free Baptist church of Dallas, from January to April, 1890:—

President, Mrs. N. A. Taylor ; Vice-President, Miss W. A. Logan ; Treasurer, Mrs. U. A. Cooper ; Secretary, Miss Lucinda Taylor ; Agent for the HELPER, Mrs. A. C. Deitrick.

Membership very small. Collections this year, \$29.27.

As our society was organized with the instructions to build a church with our funds, we have worked faithfully for that purpose. We have almost lumber enough for our church, and the saw bill is all paid. With God as our helper, we will succeed.

Our society has sustained a loss in the death of Sister Maggie Nicklow, who entered into the joy of her Lord on the 21st of March, 1890. She was beloved by all who knew her. We hereby express our sympathy for her bereaved family.

MISS LUCINDA TAYLOR, *Secretary*.

MRS. N. A. TAYLOR, *President*.

IOWA.

Lockridge.—As members of the Lockridge Auxiliary, we wish our sister churches to know how much we prize our Woman's Missionary Society. On Sabbath morning of Sept. 11, 1887, Sister A. A. McKenney organized our society. We know it has been a means of good in several ways. First, we keep ourselves better informed in regard to our missions and mission work. Second, the more we work for the cause of missions, the more we love to. Third, it makes us zealous in general church work, thus making our pastor's burden a little lighter. We would say to each and every church, organize and keep a live missionary society. During the session of the Van Buren Q. M., held with the Lockridge church, on Saturday evening, May 24, the W. M. S. gave a public meeting, which was well conducted by our Q. M. president, Miss M. V. Toothaker. The exercises consisted of Bible reading by the president, prayer by Rev. Thibbets, and several declamations, interspersed with music by choir and orchestra. Dr. Martin made a very interesting and instructive address, describing a visit which he made

to the island of Madagascar many years ago. The program closed with a very pretty collection exercise, "The Mission Band." Collection, \$2.61, on hand, \$3.39; from which we appropriated \$4.00 to foreign and \$2.00 to home work. Benediction by Rev. E. Sampson.

MRS. A. L. HOPKIRK, *Sec. pro tem.*

June 6, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Franklin Falls (N. H.) auxiliary wish to give some token of love for their founder, Sister Harriet S. Adams, who died in Gonic, N. H., Christmas eve. Coming to Franklin in the spring of 1886, the first work she did was to organize an auxiliary. She loved the cause of missions, and had she been stronger physically, she would have been a model pastor's wife. She was one of those rare persons of whom it might be said, "No one knew her but to love her." Let us try to imitate her in devotion and zeal, and so meet her in the bright beyond.

Gone at last across the river,
Landed on the other shore;
Joined the band death cannot sever,
Gone from suffering evermore.

SECRETARY.

Died in New Hampton, N. H., May 3, 1890, Mrs. Mary J. Hayes, aged seventy years.

The New Hampton Auxiliary mourns the loss of one of its original members, one whose sympathy and aid were always sure in every stage of the history of the organization. Her life was a very busy one, but she always had time for the Lord's work. To aid the sick and the needy, to attend or entertain the meetings of the benevolent society, of the Auxiliary, and to be punctual at church conference, were not with her things to be done if there should be time to do them, or if other

things were not too pressing ; they were a part of her life. In the winter, when her health would not permit her to go out, it was her custom to invite the auxiliary meetings to her own house. This example might be profitably followed by many an invalid. In her life she practically followed the Apostle's injunction to earnestly desire the best gift, charity. Although she had suffered much sorrow and sickness, she was always cheerful ; she was a kind friend to young people, a thoughtful neighbor, a genuine home keeper. None knew her but to love her, and those who knew her most, loved her best. It can be truly said of her that she was a model woman. Her faith in God was simple and childlike, and during her long and painful illness prayer was her strength and life.

DEAR Lord, the work is Thine, and Thou can'st give
Success or failure. Every day, we live
Beneath the shadow of Thy tenderest care ;
Thy guiding hand is with us everywhere.
And now, in these dark days, Thou knowest well
Our hidden sorrows ; Thou alone canst tell
How all our hearts are full of love for Thee,
And for thy cause, though yet we cannot see
One perfect thing accomplished. In Thy name
We strive to work ; and Thou can'st give the same
Rich blessings, though we merit naught but blame ;
Help us, dear Lord, to lean upon Thee still !
Give us Thy strength and patience ; and until
Thine own good time, we wait Thy holy will.

—*Life and Light.*

“Miss Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop) has obtained from the Maharajah of Kashmir the grant of a piece of land on which to build a hospital of sixty beds and a dispensary for women. Miss Butler of the London School of Medicine will be in charge.”



THE SAND FORT.

THE children at the sea-shore
Were playing on the sand ;
“ Let’s make a fort,” cried Bertie,
“ Broad and high and grand.”
“ I’ll bring the sand,” said Edna ;
“ Bertie’ll pack it tight ; ”
And little May stood gazing
To see if all went right.

They heard the wild waves roaring,
Breaking on the shore ;
The tide they never heeded,
Rising more and more.
They were so busy building,
Of course they would forget,
But quick enough they scampered
When their feet were wet.

“ We’ll run and get dry stockings,
And come again,” they said ;
“ We’ll have our castle builded
Before we go to bed.
They were so sure, the children ;
But when with setting sun
Back to the spot they hastened,
Behold ! their fort was gone.

For oh, my dears, the water
Had washed it all away !
Sand-houses never tarry
Longer than a day.

Since all our earthly pleasures
Are houses built of sand,
We'll seek for something better—
Something that will stand.

—Sel.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :— Having been asked to write a few lines to you, the first thought that came into my mind was, About what shall I write? And as I began to consider what would interest you, I thought, children generally like to hear about other children ; so I will tell you something about the children of India.

I had not been in this country long when I noticed how few toy shops there are, and then I began to look around as I drove through the different native quarters, and found the children did not have toys to play with as European children do.

There are some toys made of wood and painted, such as cups and balls, etc., but they are seldom seen in the hands of native children. And yet they always appear to be happy, racing about the streets and running after the carriages. There is also another thing about these children which it is to be hoped none of you boys, even as men, will do, and that is, at a very early age, sometimes four or five years, they learn to smoke. I have been astonished to see quite little boys smoking.

The other day I saw a sight that I had never seen before, though I believe it is one of the customs of this country. With two of my Bible women I went to one of the villages to read the Word of God to some of the zenana women, and on entering one of the court yards there was a little baby about a month old lying in the sun. It was about half-past three in the afternoon and the sun is very hot about that time. I asked why the poor little thing was there, and was told mothers always did that with the children. The child appeared to enjoy the sun, for she was quite content, watching the leaves on the tree move

with the breeze. I was told that sometimes the flesh of the little ones is shriveled up from the long exposure.

Now I am going to ask all the children who read—or have read to them—this letter, to think about the poor children of India, and see if they can do anything for them. I intend having a Christmas tree for the school children here, and also another for the Bhudruck children, and if you can send any toys or money to bring the toys I shall be very pleased to receive them. If you could only see how delighted a child is with a toy, I am sure you would save some of the money your mother gives you, for the children of India, instead of spending it all on sweets and toys for yourselves.

The children in a poor village do not use pen, ink, or slates, as you do, but write on the ground with a piece of soapstone, sometimes about three inches long, and sometimes only a small round piece just large enough to hold.

The Lord is blessing his work here, but we want all India for Christ. Hoping you will think of what I have been writing, and not only think, but act,

Yours for India,

S. M. AGER.

P. S. Presents designed for use here should be addressed, "For Mrs. S. M. Ager, Chandbali," and sent to the care of Rev. A. Given.

Chandbali, Orissa, India, February, 1890.

WHY should we insist on bearing our own cares, when God is ready to bear them for us? Why do we magnify them, and multiply them, and brood over them, as if in so doing we could relieve ourselves or make them fewer and lighter? Let us go with them at once to him, knowing that it is as self-righteous to keep our cares as our sins from him. Let us go to him with thanksgiving as well as prayer. Oh, how thanksgiving lightens all burdens and scatters all shadows! How quickly care leaves us when we rebuke it with "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"—*H. Bonar.*

FROM A MINNESOTA BAND.

THE Winona Band of "Willing Workers" held their first public meeting in the church, Sunday evening, May 11. The little chapel was filled to overflowing, and a very interesting program consisting of songs, recitations, and dialogues, was given by the children of the band in a very pleasing manner, after which a collection of \$5.05 was taken.

The band was organized March 16, by Mrs. McKenney. We then had twenty-three members. We now have forty-one. Our meetings are held every two weeks on Sabbath afternoon. We intend to study the needs of the children in foreign lands, and aid them by our pennies and our prayers.

MISS ORA V. ABELL, *Sec.*

THE GOLDEN RULE.

CHILDREN, do you love each other?

Are you always kind and true?

Do you always do to others

As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?

Are you careful day by day

Not to give offense by actions,

Nor by anything you say?

—*Selected.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR workers are "gathering homeward one by one." Among those who have recently entered into heavenly rest is Mrs. O. E. Baker. All who knew her felt the influence of her quiet, gentle spirit as a blessed, helpful power for good. Obituary will appear in next number. . . . The Christian thought of the present day is busily at work devising means of reaching the people with Christian influences. A mission enterprise on the Ohio River is to be carried on by means of a floating chapel, 30 by 110 feet, which is to be partitioned off

into chapel (for 700 people), kitchen, dining and bed rooms, printing-office and storeroom for papers and books, which are for distribution. Donations of religious and temperance papers are solicited. . . . One of the pleasantest features of our summer gatherings is the opportunity for those who are doing similar kinds of Christian work to confer and take counsel together. The program for Ocean Park shows that there will be a gratifying reunion of workers in all lines of Christian efforts. Among the attractions we note W. C. T. U. day, July 30, and Woman's Convention, August 4th and 5th. We hope a large number of our readers will be able to avail themselves of the privileges offered. . . . We have been blessed recently with a crowd of matter for the *HELPER*, consequently some has to be delayed in appearing. Among other valuable articles, our readers may expect in the August number an article by Dr. J. L. Phillips on Woman's Day in the recent Missionary Conference at Clifton Springs.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for May, 1890.

MAINE.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Acton and Milton Mills auxiliary, H. and F. M.....	\$5 00	Belmont Q. M. auxiliary, collection Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts	\$8 22
Biddeford auxiliary, Jefferson Street Church.....	9 00	Concord, ladies of church, Mrs. Lightner's salary.....	5 00
Dexter, Mrs. Clough, for blinds M. H.....	50	Danville Golden Rule Workers, child in Sinclair Orphanage, \$25.00; general work, \$10.00; passage of missionaries, \$4.00	39 00
East Otisfield auxiliary, Bible Woman with Mrs. Smith.....	3 00	Great Falls auxiliary, school at Midnapore and L. M. of Mrs. Amanda E. Fall.....	20 00
East Corinth, Mrs. F. A. Clark, blinds M. H.....	1 00	Littleton auxiliary	5 00
East Livermore auxiliary, F. M.....	2 56	Laconia auxiliary, on L. M. Mrs. Flora A. Merrill	7 00
Harrison auxiliary, Minnie with Miss Coombs	6 50	Laconia, Children's Band for school at Midnapore	3 00
Litchfield Plains auxiliary, Tippeir and L. M. Mrs. L. A. Shorey.....	13 00	Louden auxiliary, Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts.....	8 10
Mapleton auxiliary, Paras	7 75	New Hampton auxiliary, Miss Butts's salary.....	6 63
North Berwick, Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, blinds M. H.....	1 00	Rochester auxiliary, Industrial Department at Storer College	5 00
North Lebanon auxiliary, for Chanda Missa.....	2 00	Strafford Corner auxiliary, Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	10 00
Saco Church, blinds M. H.....	8 00	Walnut Grove auxiliary for Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner	3 00
West Bowdoin auxiliary, 1-2 each Miss Coombs's salary and Storer College.....	12 00		
West Buxton	5 00		

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury Willing Workers, for Harper's Ferry.....	\$3 00
Blackstone aux., Miss Franklin, \$3.13; Miss H. Phillips, \$3.12; West work, \$1.25.....	7 50
Blackstone Young People, Miss Phillips, \$1.50; West work, \$1.50.....	3 00
Blackstone Busy Bees, West work, \$1.00; Miss Franklin, \$1.00.....	2 00
Blackstone auxiliary, Thank Offering.....	3 00
Blackstone Busy Bees, \$1.00; Young People, .70, T. O.....	1 70
Lowell auxiliary, for teacher with Miss Coombs, Coma....	10 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn Church, West work...	4 00
Arlington Church, West work.	5 00
Block Island, Children's Band T. O.....	1 00
Carolina auxiliary, T. O.....	2 00
Georgiaville Ch., Miss Franklin	5 00
Greenville Missionary Band, Miss Franklin.....	12 50
Gree nville A. C. T., blinds M. H.....	4 00
Greenville Missionary Band, blinds M. H.....	4 00
Olneyville auxiliary, T. O.....	15 00
Olneyville Church, blinds M. H.	8 50
Pawtucket auxiliary, T. O.....	10 00
Pawtucket Golden Links, T. O.....	50
Pawtucket Little Workers, T.O.	13 00
Pawtucket Union Mission, T.O.	2 00
Pascoag auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips.....	22 50
Pascoag auxiliary, T. O.....	5 00
Providence auxiliary, Pond St. Church, Miss Franklin, \$7.50; H. Phillips, \$5.00.....	12 50
Providence auxiliary Y. P. S. C. E., Roger Williams T. O.	6 10
Providence aux., Greenwich St. T. O.....	4 60
Providence auxiliary, Roger Williams T. O.....	15 00
Providence auxiliary, Park St. T. O.....	4 00
Providence Cheerful Helpers, Greenwich St. T. O.....	2 00
Providence Little Helpers, Park Street.....	1 00
Tiverton Church, Miss H. Phillips.....	1 50
Mrs. T. M. Gray, T. O.....	1 00
A Friend, T. O.....	50
Missionary collection, T. O.....	70
Four Ministers, T. O.....	1 00
Mrs. M. A. Stone, T. O.....	1 00
Mrs. M. N. Davison, T. O.....	1 00

Orissa Mission Band, Miss Franklin, \$12 50; Miss H. Phillips, \$12.50.....	\$25 00
Orissa Mission Band, T. O.....	2 00

INDIANA.

La Grange Q. M. auxiliary, for F. M.....	9 00
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MICHIGAN.

Cambridge auxiliary, collection for West appro.....	2 78
Cass and Berrien Q. M. aux., collection West appro.....	11 03
Fairfield auxiliary, coll. do....	4 50
Gobleville aux., Miss Coombs and Harper's Ferry.....	8 60
Grand Rapids auxiliary.....	15 50
Hillsdale Q. M. and auxiliary, collection West appro.....	10 00
Hillsdale Q. M. and auxiliary, birthday money, S. S. class...	1 06
Jackson auxiliary, coll. Western appro.....	3 50
Lansing Q. M. auxiliary.....	5 37
Locust Corner auxiliary, coll. West appro.....	6 62
Michigan Y. M. aux. H. and F. M.....	3 48
Michigan Y. M. aux. collection for West appro.....	7 69
New Haven, Mrs. S. A. C. Clemons, .75; Mrs. E. Corey, .50; Church, .86.....	2 11
North Reading auxiliary, coll. for West appro.....	3 68
Rome aux., coll. West appro...	1 93
Reading aux. coll. West appro.	3 03
South Pittsford Union Meeting, collection for West appro.....	2 11
Van Buren Q. M., aux. for F. M.	3 71

IOWA.

Lincoln auxiliary, for F. M....	6 00
Waterloo auxiliary, for F. M....	5 00

KANSAS.

Horton, Miss A. T. Augir, W. H. Stillwell, M. N. Stillwell, each \$1.00 for Wis Dell School with Mrs. Smith.....	3 00
Mt. Pleasant auxiliary, F. M....	10 00
Princeton, Mrs. A. Ford.....	1 00

NEBRASKA.

Long Branch Church, H. M....	2 50
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WISCONSIN.

Winneconne.....	5 50
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Total\$558 72

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

